THE

KING

AND THE

MILLER of MANSFIELD.

A

DRAMATIC TALE.

As it was acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL in DRURY-LANE.

By *R. DODSLEY.*

GLASGOW:

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

The King,	Mr *Cibber*.
The Miller,	Mr *Miller*.
Richard the Miller's Son,	Mr *Berry*.
Lord Lurewell,	Mr *Eſte*.
Courtiers and	
Keepers of the Foreſt.	

WOMEN.

Peggy,	Mrs *Pritchard*.
Margery,	Mrs *Bennet*.
Kate,	Mrs *Croſs*.

SCENE, *Sherwood Foreſt*.

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THE KING AND THE MILLER.

SCENE, *Sherwood Foreſt.*

Enter ſeveral Courtiers, as loſt.

First Courtier. THIS horrid dark! and this wood, I believe, has neither end nor ſide.

Fourth Courtier. You mean to get out at, for we have found one in, you ſee.

Second Courtier. I wiſh our good king Harry had kept nearer home to hunt; in my mind, the pretty, tame deer in London make much better ſport than the wild ones in Sherwood foreſt.

Third Courtier. I can't tell which way his Majeſty went, nor whether any body is with him or not, but let us keep together, pray.

Fourth Courtier. Ay, ay, like true courtiers, take care of ourſelves whatever becomes of maſter.

Second Courtier. Well, it is a terrible thing to be loſt in the dark.

Fourth Courtier. It is. And yet it's ſo common a caſe, that one would not think it ſhould be at all ſo. Why we are all of us loſt in the dark every day of our lives. Knaves keep us in the dark by their cunning, and fools by their ignorance. Divines loſes us in dark myſteries; lawyers in dark caſes; and ſtateſmen in dark intrigues: nay, the light of reaſon, which we ſo much boaſt of, what is it but a dark-lanthorn, which juſt ſerves to prevent us from running our noſe againſt a poſt, perhaps; but is no more able to lead us out of the dark miſts of error and ignorance

~~ignorance, in which we are lost, than an *Ignis fatuus*~~ would be to conduct us out of this wood.

First Courtier. But, my lord, this is no time for preaching, methinks. And for all your morals, day-light would be much preferable to this darkneſs, I believe.

Third Courtier. Indeed wou'd it. But come let us go on, we ſhall find ſome houſe or other by and by.

~~*Fourth Courtier.* Come along.~~ [*Exeunt.*

Enter the King alone.

No, no, this can be no public road, that's certain: I am loſt, quite loſt indeed. Of what advantage is it now to be a king? night ſhews me no reſpect: I cannot ſee better, nor walk ſo well as another man. What is a king? is he not wiſer than another man? ~~not without his counſellors I plainly find. Is he not more powerful? I oft have been told ſo, indeed, but what now can my power command?~~ Is he not greater and more magnificent? when ſeated on his throne, and ſurrounded with nobles and flatterers, perhaps he may think ſo; but when loſt in a wood, alas! what is he but a common man? his wiſdom knows not which is north and which is ſouth; his power a beggar's dog would bark at; and his greatneſs the beggar would not bow to. And yet how oft are we puffed up with theſe falſe attributes! well, in loſing the monarch, I have found the man.

[*The report of a gun is heard.*

Hark! ſome villain ſure is near! what were it beſt to do? will my majeſty protect me? no. Throw majeſty aſide then, and let manhood do it. (*draws*)

Enter the Miller.

Miller. I believe I hear the rogue. Who's there?

King. No rogue, I aſſure you.

Miller. Little better, friend I believe. Who fir'd that gun?

King. Not I, indeed.

Miller. You lie, I believe.

King. Lie! lie! how ſtrange it ſeems to me to be talked to in this ſtile. [*Aſide.*] Upon my word I don't.

Miller. Come, come, Sirrah, confeſs; you have ſhot one of the king's deer, have not you?

King.

King. No, indeed; I owe the king more reſpect. I heard a gun go off, indeed, and was afraid ſome robbers might have been near.

Miller. I'm not bound to believe this, friend. Pray who are you? what's your name?

King. Name!

Miller. Name! yes, name. Why you have a name, have not you? where do you come from? what is your buſineſs here?

King. Theſe are queſtions I have not been us'd to, honeſt man.

Miller. May be ſo; but they are queſtions no honeſt man would be afraid to anſwer, I think: ſo if you can give no better account of yourſelf, I ſhall make bold to take you along with me, if you pleaſe.

King. With you! what authority have you to——

Mil. The king's authority if I muſt give you an account, Sir. I am John Cockle, the Miller of Mansfield, one of his majeſty's keepers in the foreſt of Sherwood; and I will let no ſuſpected fellow paſs this way that cannot give a better account of himſelf, than you have done, I promiſe you.

K. I muſt ſubmit to my own authority. [*Aſide*] Very well, Sir, I am glad to hear the king has ſo good an officer; and ſince I find you have his authority, I will give you better account of myſelf, if you will do me the favour to hear it.

Miller. It's more than you deſerve, I believe; but let's hear what you can ſay for yourſelf.

King. I have the honour to belong to the king as well as you, and, perhaps, ſhould be as unwilling to ſee any wrong done him I came down with him to hunt in this foreſt, and the chace leading us to-day a great way from home, I am benighted in this wood, and have loſt my way.

Miller. This does not ſound well; if you have been a hunting, pray where is your horſe?

King. I have tired my horſe ſo that he lay down under me, and I was obliged to leave him.

Miller. If I thought I might believe this now.

King. I am not uſed to lie, honeſt man.

Miller. What! do you live at court, and not lie! that's a likely ſtory indeed.

King. Be that as it will, I ſpeak truth now, I aſſure you; and, to convince you of it, if you will attend me to Nottingham, if I am near it, or give me a night's lodging in your own houſe, here is ſomething to pay you for your trouble, and if that is not ſufficient, I will ſatisfy you in the morning to your utmoſt deſire.

Miller. Ay, now I am convinc'd you are a courtier; here is a little bribe for to-day, and a large promiſe for to-morrow, both in a breath: here take it again, and take this along with it——John Cockle is no courtier, he can do what he ought——without a bribe.

King. Thou art a very extraordinary man I muſt own, and I ſhould be glad, methinks, to be farther acquainted with thee.

Miller. Thee! and thou! prithee don't thee and thou me; I believe I am as good a man as yourſelf at leaſt.

King. Sir, I beg your pardon.

Miller. Nay, I am not angry, friend; only I don't love to be too familiar with any-body, before I know whether they deſerve it or not.

King. You are in the right. But what am I to do?

Miller. You may do what you pleaſe. You are twelve miles from Nottingham, and all the way thro' this thick wood; but if you are reſolved upon going thither to-night, I will put you in the road, and direct you the beſt I can; or if you will accept of ſuch poor entertainment as a Miller can give, you ſhall be welcome to ſtay all night, and in the morning, I will go with you myſelf.

King. And cannot you go with me to night?

Miller. I would not go with you to-night if you were the king.

King. Then I muſt go with you I think. [*Exeunt.*

Scene changes to the town of Mansfield.

Dick alone.

Well, dear Mansfield, I am glad to ſee thy face again. But my heart aches, methinks, for fear this ſhould be only

only a trick of theirs to get me into their power. Yet the letter ſeems to be wrote with an air of ſincerity, I confeſs; and the girl was never us'd to lie till ſhe kept a lord company. Let me ſee, I'll read it once more.

Dear Richard,

I am, at laſt (tho' much too late for me) convinc'd of the injury done to us both by that baſe man, who made me think you falſe: he contriv'd theſe letters which I ſend you, to make me think you juſt upon the point of being married to another, a thought I could not bear with patience; ſo, aiming at revenge on you, conſented to my own undoing. But, for your own ſake, I beg you to return hither, for I have ſome hopes of being able to do you juſtice which is the only comfort of your moſt diſtreſs'd but ever affectionate,

PEGGY.

There can be no cheat in this, ſure! the letters ſhe has ſent are, I think, a proof of her ſincerity. Well, I will go to her however: I cannot think ſhe will again betray me: if ſhe has as much tenderneſs left for me, as in ſpite of her ill uſage, I ſtill feel for her, I'm ſure ſhe won't. Let me ſee, I am not far from the houſe, I believe.

[*Exit.*

Scene changes to a Room.

Peggy and Phoebe.

Phoebe. Pray, madam, make yourſelf eaſy.

Peggy. Ah! Phoebe, ſhe that has loſt her virtue, has with it loſt her eaſe, and all her happineſs. Believing, cheated fool! to think him falſe.

Phoebe. Be patient, madam, I hope you will ſhortly be reveng'd on that deceitful lord.

Peggy. I hope I ſhall, for that were juſt revenge But will revenge make me happy? will it excuſe my falſehood? will it reſtore me to the heart of my much injur'd love? ah! no, That blooming innocence he us'd to praiſe, and call the greateſt beauty of our ſex is gone. I have no charm left that might renew that flame I took ſuch pains to quench. [*Knocking at the door.* See who's there. O heavens, 'tis he! alas! that ever I ſhou'd be aſham'd to ſee the man I love!

Enter

Enter Richard, who ſtands looking on her at a diſtance, ſhe weeping.

Dick. Well, Peggy (but I ſuppoſe you're madam now in that fine dreſs) you ſee you have brought me back; is it to triumph in your falſhood? or am I to receive the ſlighted leavings of your fine lord?

Peggy. O Richard! after the injury I have done you, I cannot look on you without confuſion: but do not think ſo hardly of me! I ſtay'd not to be ſlighted by him, for the moment I diſcover'd his vile plot on you, I fled his ſight, nor could he ever prevail to ſee me ſince.

Dick. Ah, Peggy! you were too haſty in believing, and much I fear the vengeance aim'd at me, had other charms to recommend it to you: ſuch bravery as that [*Pointing to her clothes.*] I had not to beſtow; but if a tender, honeſt heart could pleaſe, you had it all; and if I wiſh'd for more 'twas for your ſake.

Peggy. O Richard! when you conſider the wicked ſtratagem he contriv'd to make me think you baſe and deceitful, I hope you will, at leaſt, pity my folly, and in ſome meaſure, excuſe my falſehood; that you will forgive me, I dare not hope.

Dick. To be forc'd to fly from my friends and country, for a crime that I was innocent of, is an injury that I cannot eaſily forgive, to be ſure: but if you are leſs guilty of it than I thought, I ſhall be very glad; and if your deſign be really as you ſay, to clear me, and to expoſe the baſeneſs of him that betray'd and ruin'd you, I will join with you with all my heart, But how do you propoſe to do this?

Peggy. The king is now in this foreſt a hunting, and our young lord is every day with him: now, I think, if we could take ſome opportunity of throwing ourſelves at his majeſty's feet, and complaining of the injuſtice of one of his courtiers, it might, perhaps, have ſome effect upon him.

Dick. If we were ſuffer'd to make him ſenſible of it, perhaps it might; but the complaints of ſuch little folks as we ſeldom reach the ears of majeſty.

Peggy. We can but try.

Dick.

Dick. Well, if you will go with me to my father's, and ſtay there till ſuch an opportunity happens, I ſhall believe you in earneſt, and will join with you in your deſign.

Peggy. I will do any thing to convince you of my ſincerity, and to make ſatisfaction for the injuries which have been done you.

Dick. Will you go now?

Peggy. I'll be with you in leſs than an hour.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene changes to the Mill.

Margery and Kate knitting,

Kate. O dear, I would not ſee a ſpirit for all the world; but I love dearly to hear ſtories of them. Well, and what then?

Margery. And ſo, at laſt, in a diſmal, hollow tone it cry'd——

[*A knocking at the door frights them both; they ſcream out, and throw down their knitting.*

Margery and Kate. Lord bleſs us! what's that?

Kate. O dear, mother, it's ſome judgment upon us, I'm afraid. They ſay talk of the devil, and he'll appear.

Margery. Kate, go and ſee who's at the door.

Kate. I durſt not go, mother; do you go.

Margery. Come, let's both go.

Kate. Now don't ſpeak as if you was afraid.

Margery. No, I won't, if I can help it. Who's there?

Dick without.] What! won't you let me in?

Kate. O Gemini! it's like our Dick, I think: he's certainly dead, and it's his ſpirit.

Margery. Heav'n forbid! I think in my heart 'tis he himſelf. Open the door, Kate.

Kate. Nay, do you.

Margery. Come, we'll both open it.

[*They open the door.*

Enter Dick.

Dick. Dear mother, how do you do? I thought you would not have let me in.

Margery. Dear child, I'm overjoy'd to ſee thee; but I was ſo frighted, I did not know what to do.

Kate.

Kate. Dear brother, I am glad to ſee you; how have you done this long while?

Dick. Very well, Kate. But where's my father?

Margery. He heard a gun go off juſt now, and he's gone to ſee who it is.

Dick. What, they love veniſon at Mansfield as well as ever, I ſuppoſe?

Kate. Ay, and they will have it too.

Miller without.] Hoa! Madge! Kate! bring a light here.

Margery. Yonder he is.

Kate. Has he catch'd the rogue, I wonder?

Enter the King the Miller.

Margery. Who have you got?

Miller. I have brought thee a ſtranger, Madge; thou muſt give him a ſupper, and a lodging if thou can'ſt.

Margery. You have got a better ſtranger of your own, I can tell you Dick's come.

Miller. Dick! where is he? Why Dick! how is't, my lad?

Dick. Very well, I thank yon, father.

King. A little more, and you had puſh'd me down:

Miller. Faith, Sir, you muſt excuſe me; I was over-joy'd to ſee my boy. He has been at London, and I have not ſeen him theſe four years.

King. Well, I ſhall once in my life have the happineſs of being treated as a common man; and of ſeeing human nature without diſguiſe. *Aſide.*

Miller. What has brought thee home ſo unexpected?

Dick. You will know that preſently.

Miller. Of that by-and-by then. We have got the king down in the foreſt a hunting this ſeaſon, and this honeſt gentleman, who came down with his majeſty from London, has been with 'em to day it ſeems, and has loſt his way. Come, Madge, ſee what thou can'ſt get for ſupper. Kill a couple of the beſt fowls; and go you, Kate, and draw a pitcher of ale. We are famous, Sir, at Mansfield, for good ale, and for honeſt fellows that know how to drink it.

King. Good ale will be acceptable, at preſent, for I

am

am very dry. But pray, how came your ſon to leave you, and go to London?

Miller. Why, that's a ſtory which Dick, perhaps, won't like to have told.

King. Then I don't deſire to hear it.

Enter Kate and an earthen pitcher of ale and a horn.

Miller. So now do you go help your mother. Sir, my hearty ſervice to you.

King. Thank ye, Sir, this plain ſincerity and freedom is a happineſs unknown to kings. [*Aſide.*

Miller. Come, Sir.

King. Richard, my ſervice to you.

Dick. Thank you, Sir.

Miller. Well, Dick, and how doſt thou like London? come tell us what thou haſt ſeen.

Dick. Seen! I have ſeen the land of promiſe.

Miller. The land of promiſe! what doſt thou mean?

Dick. The court, father.

Miller. Thou wilt never leave joking.

Dick To be ſerious then, I have ſeen the diſappointment of all my hopes and expectations; and that's more than one could wiſh to ſee.

Miller What would the great man, thou was recommended to, do nothing at all for thee at laſt?

Dick Why, yes; he would promiſe me to the laſt.

Miller. Zoons! do the courtiers think their dependents can eat promiſes?

Dick. No, no; they never trouble their heads to think, whether we eat at all or not. I have now dangled after his lordſhip ſeveral years, tantaliz'd with hopes and expectations; this year promiſed one place, the next another, and third, in ſure and certain hope of——a diſappointment. One falls, and it was promiſed before; another. and I am juſt half an hour too late; a third, and it ſtops the mouth of a creditor; a fourth, and it pays the hire of a flatterer; and a fifth, and it bribes a vote; and, the ſixth, I am promiſed ſtill. But having thus ſlept away ſome years, I awoke from my dream: my lord, I found, was ſo far from having it in his power to get a place

place for me, that he had been all this while ſeeking after one for himſelf.

Miller. Poor Dick! and is plain honeſty then a recommendation to no place at court?

Dick. It may recommend you to be a footman, perhaps, but nothing further, nothing further indeed. If you look higher, you muſt furniſh yourſelf with other qualifications: you muſt learn to ſay ay, or no; to run, or ſtand; to fetch or carry, or leap over a ſtick at the word of command. You muſt be maſter of the arts of flattery, inſinuation, diſſimulation, application, and [*pointing to his palm.*] right application too, if you hope to ſucceed.

King. You don't conſider I am a courtier methinks.

Dick. Not I, indeed; 'tis no concern of mine what you are. If in general, my character of the court is true, 'tis not my fault if it's diſagreeable to your worſhip. There are particular exceptions I own, and I hope you may be one.

King. Nay, I don't want to be flatter'd, ſo let that paſs. Here's better ſucceſs to you the next time you come to London.

Dick. I thank ye; but I don't deſign to ſee it again in haſte.

Miller. No, no, Dick; inſtead of depending upon lords promiſes, depend upon the labour of thine own hands; expect nothing but what thou can'ſt earn, and then thou wilt not be diſappointed. But come, I want a deſcription of London; thou haſt told us nothing thou haſt ſeen yet.

Dick. O! 'tis a fine place! I have ſeen large houſes with ſmall hoſpitality; great men do little actions; and fine ladies do nothing at all. I have ſeen the honeſt lawyers of Weſtminſter-Hall, and the virtuous inhabitants of 'Change Alley; the politic madmen of coffee-houſes, and the wiſe ſtateſmen of Bedlam. I have ſeen merry tragedies, and ſad comedies; devotion at an opera, and and mirth at a ſermon; I have ſeen fine clothes at St James's, and long bills at Ludgate-Hill. I have ſeen

poor

poor grandeur, and rich poverty; high honours, and low flattery; great pride, and no merit. In ſhort, I have ſeen a fool with a title, and a knave with a penſion, and an honeſt man with a threed-bare coat. Pray how do like London?

Miller. And is this the beſt deſcription thou can'ſt give of it?

Dick. Yes.

King. Why, Richard, you are a ſatiriſt, I find.

Dick. I love to ſpeak truth, Sir; if that happens to be ſatire, I can't help it.

Miller. Well! if this is London, give me my country cottage; which, tho' it is not a great houſe, nor a fine houſe, is my own houſe, and I can ſhew a receipt for the building on't. But come, Sir, our ſupper, I believe is ready for us, by this time; and to ſuch as I have you're welcome as a prince.

King. I thank you. [*Exeunt.*

Scene changes to the wood.

Enter Several Keepers.

First Keeper. The report of the gun was ſomewhere this way, I'm ſure.

Second Keeper. Yes; but I can never believe that any body would come a deer-ſtealing ſo dark a night as this.

Third Keeper. Where did the deer harbour to-day?

Fourth Keeper. There was a herd lay upon Hamilton-Hill, another juſt by Robin Hood's chair, and a third here in Mansfield wood.

First Keeper. Ay; thoſe they've been amongſt.

Second Keeper. But we ſhall never be able to find 'em to night, 'tis ſo dark.

Third Keeper. No, no; let's go back again.

First Keeper. Zoons! you're afraid of a broken head I ſuppoſe, if we ſhou'd find 'em; and ſo had rather ſink back again. Hark! ſtand cloſe. I hear 'em coming this way.

Enter the Courtiers.

First Courtier. Did not you hear ſomebody juſt now?

faith I begin to be afraid we ſhall meet with ſome misfortune to-night.

Second Courtier. Why if any body ſhould take what we have got, we have made a fine buſineſs of it.

Third Courtier. Let them take it if they will; I am ſo tir'd I ſhall make but ſmall reſiſtance.

[*The keepers ruſh upon them.*

Second Keeper. Ay, rogues, raſcals, and villains; you have got it, have you?

Second Courtier. Indeed we have got but very little, but what we have got you're welcome to, if you will but uſe us civilly.

Firſt Keeper. O yes! very civilly; you deſerve to be us'd civilly, to be ſure.

Fourth Courtier. Why, what have we done that we may not be civilly us'd?

Firſt Keeper. Come, come, don't trifle, ſurrender.

Firſt Courtier. I have but three half crowns about me.

Second Courtier. Here's three and Six-pence for you, gentlemen.

Third Courtier. Here's my watch I have no money at all.

Fourth Courtier. Indeed I have nothing in my pocket but a ſnuff-box.

Fourth Keeper. What! the dogs want to bribe us, do they? no, raſcals; you ſhall go before the juſtice to morrow, depend on't.

Fourth Courtier. Before the juſtice! what for being robb'd?

Firſt Keeper. For being robb'd! what do you mean? who has robb'd you?

Fourth Courtier. Why, did not you juſt now demand our money, Gentlemen?

Second Keeper. O, the raſcals! they will ſwear a robbery againſt us, I warrant.

Fourth Courtier. A robbery! ay, to be ſure.

Firſt Keeper. No, no; we did not demand your money, we demanded the deer you've kill'd.

Fourth Courtier. The devil take the deer, I ſay; be

led

led us a chace of ſix hours, and got away from us at laſt.

Firſt Keeper. Zoons! ye dogs, do ye think to banter us? I tell ye you have this night ſhot one of the king's deer; did not we hear the gun go off? did not we hear you ſay, you was afraid it ſhould be taken from you?

Second Courtier. We were afraid our money ſhould be taken from us.

Firſt Keeper. Come, come, no more ſhuffling: I tell ye, you're all rogues, and we'll have you hanged, you may depend on't. Come, let us take 'em to old Cockle's, we're not far off, we'll keep 'em there all night, and to morrow morning we'll away with 'em before the juſtice.

Fourth Courtier. A very pretty adventure! [*Exeunt.*

Act 2d

Scene changes to the Mill.

King, Miller, Margery, and Dick, at ſupper.

Miller. Come, Sir, you muſt mend a bad ſupper with a glaſs of good ale; here's king Harry's health.

King. With all my heart. Come, Richard, here's king Harry's health; I hope your are courtier enough to pledge me, are not you?

Dick. Yes, yes, Sir, I'll drink the king's health with all my heart.

Margery. Come, Sir, my humble ſervice to you, and much good may do ye with your poor ſupper; I wiſh it had been better.

King. You need make no apologies.

Margery. We are obliged to your goodneſs in excuſing our rudeneſs.

Miller. Prithee, Margery, don't trouble the gentleman with compliments.

Margery. Lord, huſband, if one had no more manners than you, the gentleman would take us all for hogs.

Miller. Now I think the more compliments the leſs manners.

King. I think ſo too. Compliments in diſcourſe, I believe, are like ceremonies in religion; the one has deſtroy'd all true piety, and the other all ſincerity and plain-dealing.

Miller. Then a fig for all ceremony and compliments too: give us thy hand; and let us drink and be merry.

King. Right, honeſt Miller, let us drink and be merry. Come, have you got e'er a good ſong?

Miller. Ah! my ſinging days are over, but my man Joe has got an excellent one; and if you have a mind to hear it, I'll call him in.

King. With all my heart.

Miller. Joe!

Enter Joe.

Miller. Come, Joe, drink, boy; I have promis'd this gentleman that you ſhall ſing him our laſt new ſong.

Joe. Well, maſter, if you have promis'd it him, he ſhall have it.

SONG.

I.

How happy a ſtate does the Miller poſſeſs?
Who wou'd be no greater, nor fears to be leſs;
On his mill and himſelf he depends for ſupport.
Which is better than ſervilely cringing at court.

II.

What tho' he all duſty and whiten'd does go,
The more he's bepowder'd the more like a beau;
A clown in this dreſs may be honeſter far
Than a Courtier who ſtruts in his garter and ſtar.

III.

Tho' his hands are ſo bedaub'd they're not fit to be ſeen,
The hands of his betters are not very clean;
A palm more polite may as dirtily deal;
Gold, in handling, will ſtick to the fingers like meal.

IV.

What if, when a pudding for dinner he lacks,
He cribs, without ſcruple, from other men's ſacks;
In this of right noble examples he brags,
Who borrow as freely from other men's bags.

He

V.

Or ſhou'd he endeavour to heap an eſtate,
In this he wou'd mimic the tools of the ſtate;
Whoſe aim is alone their own coffers to fill,
As all his concern's to bring griſt to his mill.

VI.

He eats when he's hungry, he drinks when he's dry,
And down when he's weary contented does lie;
Then riſes up chearful to work and to ſing:
If ſo happy a Miller, then who'd be a king?

Miller. There's a ſong for you.

King. He ſhould go ſing this at court, I think.

Dick. I believe, if he's wiſe, he will chuſe to ſtay at home tho'.

Enter Peggy.

Miller. What wind blew you hither, pray! you have a good ſhare of impudence, or you would be aſham'd to ſet your foot within my houſe, methinks.

Peggy. Aſham'd I am, indeed, but do not call me impudent. [*Weeps.*

Dick. Dear father, ſuſpend your anger for the preſent; that ſhe is here now is by my direction, and to do me juſtice.

Peggy. To do that is all that is now in my power; for as to myſelf, I am ruin'd paſt redemption: my character, my virtue, my peace, are gone: I am abandon'd by my friends, deſpis'd by the world, and expos'd to miſery and want.

King. Pray let me know the ſtory of your misfortunes; perhaps it may be in my power to do ſomething towards redreſſing them.

Peggy. That you may learn from him whom I have wrong'd; but as for me, ſhame will not let me ſpeak, or hear it told. [*Exit.*

King. She's very pretty.

Dick. O, Sir, I once thought her an angel; I lov'd her dearer than my life, and did believe her paſſion was the

ſame for me; but a young nobleman of this neighbourhood happening to ſee her, her youth and blooming beauty preſently ſtruck his fancy; a thouſand artifices were immediately employ'd to debauch and ruin her. But all his arts were vain; not even the promiſe of making her his wife, could prevail upon her: in a little time he found out her love to me, and, imagining this to be the cauſe of her refuſal, he, by forg'd letters, and feign'd ſtories, contriv'd to make her believe I was upon the point of marriage with another woman. Poſſeſs'd with this opinion, ſhe, in a rage, writes me word, never to ſee her more; and, in revenge, conſented to her own undoing. Not contented with this, nor eaſy while I was ſo near her, he brib'd one of his caſt off miſtreſſes to ſwear a child to me, which ſhe did: this was the occaſion of my leaving my friends, and flying to London.

— *King*. And how does ſhe propoſe to do you juſtice?

Dick. Why the king being now in this foreſt a hunting, we deſign to take ſome opportunity of throwing ourſelves at his majeſty's feet, and complaining of the injuſtice done us by this noble villain.

Miller. Ah, Dick! I expect but little redreſs from ſuch an application. Things of this nature are ſo common amongſt the great, that I am afraid it will only be made a jeſt of.

— *King*. Thoſe that can make a jeſt of what ought to be ſhocking to humanity, ſurely deſerve not the name of great or noble men.

Dick. What do you think of it, Sir? if you belong to the court, you, perhaps may know ſomething of the king's temper.

— *King*. Why, if I can judge of his temper at all, I think he would not ſuffer the greateſt nobleman in his court, to do an injuſtice to the meaneſt ſubject in his kingdom. But pray, who is the nobleman that is capable of ſuch actions as theſe.

Dick. Do you know my lord Lurewell?

— *King*. Yes.

Dick. That's the man.

— *King*. Well, I would have you put your deſign in ex-

execution. 'Tis my opinion the king will not only hear your complaint, but redreſs your injuries.

Miller. I wiſh it may prove ſo.

Enter the Keepers, leading in the Courtiers.

Firſt Keeper. Hola! Cockle! where are ye? why, man, we have nabb'd a pack of rogues here juſt in the fact.

King. Ha, ha, ha! What turn'd highwaymen, my lords? or deer-ſtealers!

Firſt Courtier. I am very glad to find your majeſty in health and ſafety.

Second Courtier. We have run thro' a great many perils and dangers to night, but the joy of finding your majeſty ſo unexpectedly, will make us forget all we have ſuffer'd.

Miller and Dick. What! is this the king?

King. I am very glad to ſee you, my lords, I confeſs; and particularly, you my lord Lurewell.

Lurewell. Your majeſty does me honour.

King. Yes, my lord, and I will do you juſtice too; your honour has been highly wrong'd by this young man.

Lurewell. Wrong'd, my liege!

King. I hope ſo, my lord; for I wou'd fain believe you can't be guilty of baſeneſs and treachery.

Lurewell. I hope your majeſty will find me ſo. What dares this villain ſay?

Dick. I'm not to be frighted, my lord. I dare ſpeak truth at any time.

Lurewell. Whatever ſtains my honour muſt be falſe.

King. I know it muſt, my lord; yet has this man, not knowing who I was, preſum'd to charge your lordſhip, not only with great injuſtice to himſelf, but alſo with ruining an innocent virgin whom he lov'd, and who was to have been his wife; which, if true, were baſe and treacherous; but I know 'tis falſe, and therefore leave it to your lordſhip to ſay what puniſhment I ſhall inflict upon him, for the injury done to your honour.

Lurewell. I thank your majeſty. I will not be ſevere; he ſhall only aſk my pardon, and to-morrow morning be

oblig'd

oblig'd to marry the creature he has traduced me with.

King. This is mild. Well, you hear your ſentence.

Dic. May I not have leave to ſpeak before your majeſty?

King. What canſt thou ſay?

Dick. If I had your majeſty's permiſſion, I believe I have certain witneſſes, which will undeniably prove the truth of all I have accus'd his lordſhip of.

King. Produce them.

Dick. Peggy!

Enter Peggy.

King. Do you know this woman, my lord?

Lurewell. I know her, pleaſe your majeſty, by ſight; ſhe is a tenant's daughter.

Peggy. [*Aſide.*] Majeſty! what is this the king?

Dick. Yes.

King. Have you no particular acquaintance with her?

Lurewell. Hum — I have not ſeen her theſe ſeveral months.

Dick. True, my lord; and that is part of your accuſation; for, I believe, I have ſome letters which will prove your lordſhip once had a more particular acquaintance with her. Here is one of the firſt his lordſhip wrote to her, full of the tendereſt and moſt ſolemn proteſtations of love and conſtancy; here is another which will inform your majeſty of the pains he took to ruin her; there is an abſolute promiſe of marriage before he could accompliſh it.

King. What ſay you, my lord, are theſe your hand?

Lurewell. I believe, pleaſe your majeſty, I might have a little affair of gallantry with the girl ſome time ago.

King. It was a little affair, my lord; a mean affair; and what you call gallantry, I call infamy. Do you think, my lord, that greatneſs gives a ſanction to wickedneſs? or that it is the prerogative of lords to be unjuſt and inhuman? you remember the ſentence which yourſelf pronounced upon this innocent man; you cannot think it hard that it ſhould paſs on you who are guilty.

Lurewell. I hope your majeſty will conſider my rank, and not oblige me to marry her.

King.

King. Your rank! my lord. Greatneſs that ſtoops to actions baſe and low, deſerts its rank, and pulls its honours down. What makes your lordſhip great? is it your gilded equipage, and dreſs? then put it on your meaneſt ſlave, and he's as great as you. Is it your riches or eſtate? the villain that ſhould plunder you of all, would then be as great as you. No, my lord, he that acts greatly, is the true great man. I therefore think you ought, in juſtice, to marry her you thus have wrong'd.

Peggy. Let my tears thank your majeſty. But alas! I am afraid to marry this young lord: that would only give him power to uſe me worſe, and ſtill encreaſe my miſery: I therefore beg your majeſty will not command him to do it.

King. Riſe then, and hear me. My lord, you ſee how low the greateſt nobleman may be reduced by ungenerous actions. Here is, under your own hand, an abſolute promiſe of marriage to this young woman, which, from a thorough knowledge of your unworthineſs, ſhe has prudently declined to make you fulfil. I ſhall therefore not inſiſt upon it, but I command you, upon pain of my diſpleaſure, immediately to ſettle on her three hundred pounds a year.

Peggy. May heaven reward your majeſty's goodneſs. 'Tis too much for me; but if your majeſty thinks fit, let it be ſettled upon this much-injur'd man, to make ſome ſatisfaction for the wrongs which have been done him. As to myſelf, I only ſought to clear the innocence of him I lov'd and wrong'd, then hide me from the world, and die forgiven.

Dick. This act of generous virtue cancels all paſt failings; come to my arms, and be as dear as ever.

Peggy. You cannot ſure forgive me!

Dick. I can, I do, and ſtill will make you mine.

Pegg. O! why did I ever wrong ſuch generous love?

Dick. Talk no more of it. Here let us kneel, and thank the goodneſs which has made us bleſt.

King. May you be happy.

Miller. [*Kneels*.] After I have ſeen ſo much of your ma-

majeſty's goodneſs, I cannot deſpair of pardon, even for the rough uſage your majeſty receiv'd from me.

[*The King draws his ſword, the Miller is frighted, and riſes up, thinking he was going to kill him.*

What have I done that I ſhould loſe my life?

King. Kneel without fear. No my good hoſt, ſo far are you from having any thing to pardon, that I am much your debtor. I cannot think but ſo good and honeſt a man will make a worthy and honourable knight, ſo riſe up, Sir John Cockle: And, to ſupport your ſtate, and in ſome ſort requite the pleaſure you have done us, a thouſand marks a year ſhall be your revenue.

Miller. Your majeſty's bounty I receive with thankfulneſs; I have been guilty of no meanneſs to obtain it, and I hope I ſhall not be obliged to keep it upon baſe conditions; for tho' I am willing to be a faithful ſubject, I am reſolv'd to be a free, and an honeſt man.

King. I rely upon your being ſo; and to gain the friendſhip of ſuch a one, I ſhall always think an addition to my happineſs tho' a king.

Worth, in whatever ſtate, is ſure a prize,
Which kings, of all men, ought not to deſpiſe;
By ſelfiſh ſycophants ſo cloſe beſieg'd,
'Tis by meer chance a worthy man's oblig'd:
But hence, to every courtier be it known,
Virtue ſhall find protection from the throne.

Sir JOHN COCKLE

AT

COURT.

Being the SEQUEL to the

KING and the MILLER.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr CIBBER.

AS ſome poor orphan, at the friendly gate
When once reliev'd, again preſumes to wait;
So mov'd by former kindneſs to him ſhown,
Our honeſt Miller *ventures up to town.*
He greets you all. His hearty thanks I bear
To each kind friend. He hopes you're all ſo here.
Hopes the ſame favour you'll continue ſtill
At court, which late you ſhew'd him at the mill.
Why ſhou'd you not? if plain untutor'd ſenſe
Should ſpeak blunt truths, who here will take offence?
For common right he pleads, no party's ſlave;
A foe, on either ſide, to fool and knave.
Free, as at Mansfield, *he at court appears,*
Still uncorrupted by mean hopes and fears.
Plainly his mind does to his prince impart,
Alone emboldened by an honeſt heart.
Theſe are his merits—on this plea I ſue—
But humbly he refers his cauſe to you.
** "Small faults, we hope, with candour you'll excuſe,*
" Nor harſhly treat a ſelf-convicted muſe.
If after trial he ſhould mercy find,
He'll own that mercy with a grateful mind;
Or, by ſtrict juſtice, if he's doom'd to death,
Will then, without appeal reſign his breath.

* Theſe two lines were added after the firſt night's performance, occaſioned by ſome things which the audience very juſtly found fault with; and which, the ſecond time were left out, or alter'd as much as poſſible; and the author takes this opportunity of thanking the town for ſo judiciouſly and favourably correcting him.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs CLIVE.

LORD! what a ſtupid race theſe poets are!
This tim'rous fool has made me mad, I ſwear:
Here have I teas'd him every day this week
To get an Epilogue—'tis ſtill to ſeek.
No, no, he cry'd: I fear 'twill meet ſad fate;
And can one thank an audience after that?
Well, Mr What-d'ye-call't, ſaid I, ſuppoſe it ſhou'd;
A merry Epilogue might do it good.
Yes, madam, ſaid he, and ſmil'd—if I cou'd write
With humour, fit for you to ſpeak, it might.
'Twas very civil of the man, indeed——
Come, come, ſaid I, write ſomething, never heed.
Well,—if it pleaſe, ſaid he,—on that condition,
Pray make my compliments, with due ſubmiſſion.
The matter and the words I leave to you—
I thank'd him; and I'll try what I can do.
Our author thanks you for this favour ſhewn him,
The man is modeſt; that I muſt ſay on him.
He ſays, 'tis your indulgence, not his merit——
But, were I he, faith I'd pluck up a ſpirit;
I think 'tis meanly giving up his cauſe,
To claim no merit, when he has your applauſe.
Were I to compliment you as I wou'd,
I'd ſay, you lik'd the thing, becauſe 'twas good,
But he muſt have his way——and ſo to you
His grateful thanks I give, as juſtly due.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

The King.	Mr *Cibber*.
Sir John Cockle.	Mr *Miller*.
Sir Timothy Flash.	Mr *Beard*.
Greenwood.	Mr *Hill*.
Buckram, a Taylor.	Mr *Gray*.
Barber.	Mr *Ray*.
French Cook.	Mr *Woodward*.
Vintner.	Mr *Turbett*.
Joe.	Mr *Marshall*.
Three Courtiers.	Mr *Raftor* Mr *Woodburn*. Mr *Leigh*.

WOMEN.

Miss Kitty.	Mrs *Clive*.
Mrs Starch.	Miss *Tollet*.

Sir JOHN COCKLE

AT

COURT.

SCENE I.

Sir John, Taylor, Barber, and Joe.

Taylor.

'TIS the faſhion, Sir, I aſſure you.

Sir John. Faſhions are for fools, don't tell me of faſhion. Muſt a man make an aſs of himſelf, becauſe it's the faſhion?

Taylor. But you would be like other folks, Sir, wou'd not you?

Sir John. No, Sir, if this is their likeneſs, I wou'd not be like other folks. Why, a man might as well be cas'd up in armour; here's buckram and whalebone enough to turn a bullet.

Joe. Sir, here's the barber has brought ye home a new periwig.

Sir John. Let him come in. Come, friend, let's ſee if you're as good at faſhions as Mr Buckram here. What the devil's this?

Barber. The bag, Sir.

Sir John. The bag Sir! and what's this bag for, Sir? this is not the faſhion too, I hope.

Barber. It's what is very much wore, Sir, indeed.

Sir John. Wore, Sir! how is it wore? where is it wore? what is it for?

Barber. Sir, it is only for ornament.

Sir John. O, 'tis an ornament! I beg you pardon! now, poſitively, I ſhould not have taken this for an ornament. My poor grey hairs are, in my opinion, much more becoming. But, come, put it on. There, now what do you think I am like?

Joe. I cod meaſter, you're not like the ſame mon I'm ſure.

Barber. Sir, 'tis very genteel, I aſſure you.

Sir John. Genteel! ay, that it may be for aught I know, but I'm ſure 'tis very ugly.

Barber. They wear nothing elſe in France, Sir.

Sir John. In France, Sir! what's France to me! I'm an Engliſhman, Sir, and know no right the fools of France have to be my examples. Here take it again; I'll have none of your new-fangled French fopperies: and if you pleaſe, I'll make you a preſent of this fine faſhionable coat again. Faſhion, indeed!

[*Exeunt Taylor, Barber, and Joe.*

Re-enter Joe with the French Cook.

Joe. Sir, here's a fine gentleman wants to ſpeak with you.

Cook. Sir, me have hear dat your honour want one Cook.

Sir John. Sir you are very obliging; I ſuppoſe you wou'd recommend one to me. But, as I don't know you--

Cook. No, no, Sir, me am one cook myſelf, and wou'd be proud of de honour to ſerve you.

Sir John. You a Cook! and pray, what wages may you expect, to afford ſuch finery as that?

Cook. Me vill have one hundred guinea a year, no more; and two or tree ſervant under me to do de work.

Sir John. Hum! very reaſonable truly! and pray, what extraodinary matters can you do to deſerve ſuch wages?

Cook. O, me can make you one hundred diſh de Engliſh know noting of; me can make you de portable ſoup to put in your pocket; me can dreſs you de fowl a-la Marli, en Galantine, a-la Montmorancy; de Duck, en Grinadin; de Chicken, a-la Chombre; de Turkey, en Botine; de Pidgeon, en Mirliton, a l'Italienne, a-la d'Huxelles: en fine, me can give you de eſſence of five or ſix ham, and de juice of ten or twelve ſtone of beef, all in de ſauce of one littel diſh.

Sir John. Very fine! at this rate, no wonder the poor are ſtarv'd, and the butcher unpaid. No, I will have

have no such cooks, I promise you; it is the luxury and extravagance introduc'd by such French kick-shaw-mongers as you, that have devour'd and destroy'd old English hospitality. Go, go about your business; I have no mind to be beggar'd, nor to beggar honest tradesmen. Joe! [*Exit Cook.*

Joe. Sir.

Sir John. Let my daughter know the king has sent for me, and I am gone to court to wait on his majesty.

Joe. Yes, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The king and several Courtiers.

King. Well, my lords, our old friend the Miller of Mansfield is arriv'd at last.

First Courtier. He has been in town two or three days; has not your majesty seen him yet?

King. No, but I have sent for him to attend me this evening; and, I design, with only you, my lords, who are now present, to entertain myself a while with his honest freedom. He will be here presently.

Second Courtier. He must certainly divert your majesty.

Third Courtier. He may be diverting, perhaps; but if I may speak my mind freely, I think there is something too plain and rough in his behaviour for your majesty to bear.

King. Your lordship, perhaps, may be afraid of plain truth and sincerity, but I am not.

Third Courtier. I beg your majesty's pardon; I did not suppose you was; I only think there is a certain awe and reverence due to your majesty, which I am afraid his want of politeness may make him transgress.

King. My lord, whilst I love my subjects, and preserve to them all their rights and liberties, I doubt not of meeting with a proper respect from the roughest of them: but as for that awe and reverence which your politeness would flatter me with, I love it not. I will, that all my subjects treat me with sincerity. An honest freedom of speech, as it is every honest man's right, so none

can be afraid of it but he that is conſcious to himſelf of ill deſervings. Sound maxims, and right conduct, can never be ridicul'd; and where the contrary prevail, the ſevereſt cenſure is the greateſt kindneſs.

Third Courtier. I believe your majeſty is in the right, and ſtand corrected.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gentleman. May it pleaſe your majeſty, here is a perſon who calls himſelf Sir John Cockle, the Miller of Mansfield, begs admittance to your majeſty.

King. Conduct him in.

Enter Sir John.

King. Honeſt Sir John Cockle, you are welcome to London.

Sir John. I thank your majeſty for the honour you do me, and am glad to find your majeſty in good health.

King. But pray, Sir John, why in the habit of a Miller yet? what I gave you was with a deſign to ſet you above the mean dependence of a trade for ſubſiſtence.

Sir John. Your majeſty will pardon my freedom. Whilſt my trade will ſupport me, I am independent, and will look upon that to be more honourable in an Engliſhman than any dependence whatſoever. I am a plain, blunt man, and may poſſibly, ſome time or other, offend your majeſty; and where then is my ſubſiſtence.

King. And dare you not truſt the honour of a king?

Sir John. Without doubt I might truſt your majeſty very ſafely; but in general, though the honour of kings ought to be more ſacred, the humour of kings is like that of other men; and when they pleaſe to change their mind, who ſhall dare to call their honour in queſtion?

King. Sir John, you are in the right, and I am glad to ſee you maintain that noble freedom of ſpirit: I wiſh all my ſubjects were as independent on me as you reſolve to be; I ſhould then hear more truth, and leſs flattery. But come what news? how does my lady and your ſon Richard?

Sir John. I thank your majeſty, Margery is very well, and ſo is Dick?

King.

King. I hope you have brought her up to town with you.

Sir John. No; I have only brought my daughter, and her rather to be under my eye than any thing elſe.

King. Why ſo, Sir John?

Sir John. She has diſpleas'd me of late very much.

King. In what?

Sir John. You ſhall hear. When I was only plain John Cockle, the miller of Mansfield, a farmer's ſon in the neighbourhood made love to my daughter. He was a worthy, honeſt man. He lov'd my daughter ſincerely, and, to all appearance, her affections were placed on him. I approved of the match, and gave him my conſent. But when your majeſty's bounty had raiſed my fortune and condition, my daughter Kate became Miſs Kitty: ſhe grew a fine girl, and was preſently taken notice of by the young gentlemen of the country. Amongſt the reſt, Sir Timothy Flaſh, a young, rakiſh, extravagant knight, made his addreſſes to her; his title, his dreſs, his equipage dazled her eyes and her underſtanding; and fond I ſuppoſe, of being made a lady, ſhe deſpiſes and forſakes her firſt lover, the honeſt farmer, and is determined to marry this mad, wrong-headed knight.

King. And is this the occaſion of your diſpleaſure? I ſhould think you had rather cauſe to rejoice that ſhe was ſo prudent. What! do you think it no advantage to your daughter, nor honour to yourſelf to be ally'd to ſo great a man?

Sir John. It may be an honour to be allay'd to a great man, when a great man is a man of honour; but that is not always the caſe. Beſides, nothing that is unjuſt, can be either prudent or honourable: and the breaking her faith and promiſe with a man that lov'd and ev'ry way deſerv'd her, merely for the ſake of a little vanity, or ſelf-intereſt, is an action that I am aſham'd my daughter could be guilty of.

King. Why you are the moſt extraordinary man I ever knew: I have heard of fathers, quarrelling with their children for marrying fooliſhly for love; but you

are

are so singular, as to blame your's for marrying wisely for interest.

Sir John. Why, I may differ a little from the common practice of my neighbours——but I hope your majesty does not, therefore, think me to blame.

King. No, singularity, in the right, is never a crime. If you are satisfied your actions are just, let the world blush that they are singular.

Sir John. Nay, and I am perhaps not so regardless of interest as your majesty may apprehend. It is very possible a knight, or even a lord, may be poor as well as a farmer. No offence, I hope.

[*Turning to the Courtiers.*

Courtier. No, no, no. Impertinent fellow. [*Aside.*

King. Well, Sir John, I shall be glad to hear more of this affair another time; but tell me now how you like London. Your son Richard, I remember, gave a very satirical description of it; I hope you are better entertain'd.

Sir John. So well, that I assure your majesty, I am in admiration and wonder all day long.

King. Ay! well, let us hear what it is you admire and wonder at.

Sir John. Almost every thing I see or hear of. When I see the splendor and magnificence in which some noblemen appear, I admire their riches; but when I hear of their debts, and their mortgages, I wonder at their folly. When I hear of a dinner costing an hundred pounds, I am surpris'd that one man should have so many friends to entertain; but when I am told, that it was made for only five or six squeamish lords, or piddling ladies, that eat not, perhaps, an ounce a piece. I am quite astonish'd. When I hear of an estate of twenty or thirty thousand a year, I envy the man that has it in his power to do so much good, and wonder how he disposes of it; but when I am told of the necessary expences of a gentleman in horses and whores, and eating and drinking, and dressing and gaming, I am surpris'd that the poor man is able to live. In short, when I consider our public credit, our honour, our courage, our freedom, our public spirit, I am surpriz'd, amaz'd, astonish'd, and confounded.

First

First Courtier. Is not this bold, Sir?

Sir John. Perhaps it may; but I ſuppoſe his majeſty would not have an Engliſhman a coward?

King. Far from it. Let the generous ſpirit of freedom reign uncheck'd: to ſpeak his mind, is the undoubted right of every Briton; and be it the glory of my reign, that all my ſubjects enjoy that honeſt liberty. 'Tis my wiſh to redreſs all grievances; to right all wrongs: but kings, alas! are but fallible men; errors in government will happen, as well as failings in private life, and ought to be as candidly imputed. And let me aſk you one queſtion, Sir John. Do you really think you could honeſtly withſtand all the temptations that wealth and power could lay before you?

Sir John. I will not boaſt before your majeſty; perhaps I could not. Yet give me leave to ſay, the man whom wealth or power can make a villain, is ſure unworthy of poſſeſſing either.

King. Suppoſe ſelf intereſt too ſ[illegible] duty?

Sir John. Suppoſe it ſhould; 'tis always a man's duty to be juſt; and doubly his with whom the public truſt their rights and liberties.

King. I think ſo; nay, he who cannot ſcorn the narrow intereſt of his own poor ſelf, to ſerve his country, and defend his rights, deſerves not the protection of country to defend his own; at leaſt [illegible] truſted with the rights of other men.

Sir John. I wiſh no ſuch were ever truſted.

King. I wiſh ſo too: but how are kings to know the hearts of men!

Sir John. 'Tis difficult indeed; yet ſomething might be done.

King. What?

Sir John. The man whom a king employs, or a nation truſts, ſhould firſt be thoroughly try'd. Examine his private character; mark how he lives; is he luxurious, or proud, or ambitious, or extravagant; avoid him: the ſoul of that man is mean; neceſſity will preſs him, and public fraud muſt pay his private debts. But if you find

find a man with a clear head, ſound judgment, and a right honeſt heart; that is the man to ſerve both you and his country.

King. You're right; and ſuch by me ſhall ever be diſtinguiſh'd. 'Tis both my duty and my intereſt to promote 'em. To ſuch, if I give wealth it will enrich the public; to ſuch, if I give power, the nation will be mighty; to ſuch, if I give honour, I ſhall raiſe my own. But ſurely, Sir John your's is not the language, nor the ſentiments of a common miller; how in a cottage, could you gain this ſuperior wiſdom?

Sir John. Wiſdom is not confin'd to palaces; nor always to be bought with gold. I read often, and think ſometimes; and he who does that, may gain ſome knowledge even in a cottage. As for any thing ſuperior, I pretend not to it. What I have ſaid, I hope is plain good ſenſe; at leaſt 'tis honeſt and well meant.

King. Sir John, I think ſo; and to convince you how much I eſteem your plain dealing and ſincerity of heart, receive this ring as a mark of my favour.

Sir John. I thank your majeſty.

King. Don't thank me now; at preſent I have buſineſs that muſt be diſpatch'd, and will deſire you to leave me; before 'tis long I'll ſee you again.

Sir John. I wiſh your majeſty a good night. [*Exit.*

King. Well, my lords, what do you think of this Miller?

Firſt Courtier. He talks well; what he is in the bottom I don't know.

Second Courtier. I'm afraid not ſound.

Third Courtier. I fancy he's ſet on by ſomebody to impoſe upon your majeſty with this fair ſhew of honeſty.

Firſt Courtier. Or is not he ſome cunning knave that wants to work himſelf into your majeſty's favour?

King. I have a fanſy come into my head to try him; which I'll communicate to you, and put in execution immediately. An hour hence, my lords, I ſhall expect to ſee you at Sir John's. [*Exeunt,*

SCENE

SCENE III.

A Tavern.

Sir Timothy Flash, the Landlord, and Greenwood.

Sir Timothy. Honest Bacchus, how dost thou do?

Landlord. Sir, I am very glad to see you; pray when did you come to town?

Sir Timothy. Yesterday; and on an affair that I shall want a little of your assistance in.

Landlord. Any thing in my power, you know you may command.

Sir Timothy. You must know then, I have an intrigue with a young lady that is just come to town with her father, and want an agreeable house to meet her at; can you recommend one to me?

Landlord. I can recommend you, Sir, to the most convenient woman in all London. What think you of Mrs Wheedle?

Sir Timothy. The best woman in all the world: I know her very well; how cou'd I be so stupid not to think of her? Greenwood, do you know where our country neighbour, Sir John Cockle, lodges?

Greenwood. Yes, Sir.

Sir Timothy. Don't be out of the way then; I shall send a letter by you presently, which you must deliver privately into Miss Kitty's own hand. If she comes with you, I shall give you directions where to conduct her, and do you come back here and let me know.

Greenwood. Yes, Sir. Poor Kitty, is it thus thy falsehood to me is to be punish'd? I will prevent thy ruin however. [*Aside.*

Sir Timothy sings.

O the pleasing, pleasing joys
Which in women we possess!
O the raptures which arise!
They alone have power to bless!

Beauty

Beauty ſmiling,
Wit beguiling,
Kindneſs charming,
Fancy warming,

Kiſſing, toying,
Melting, dying;
O the raptures which ariſe!
O the pleaſing, pleaſing joys!

Landlord. You are a merry wag.

Sir Timothy. Merry, ay! why what is life without enjoying the pleaſures of it? come, I'll write this letter, and then, honeſt Bacchus, we'll taſte what wine thou haſt got. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Miſs Kitty, and Mrs Starch.

Miſs. But pray, Mrs Starch, does all new faſhions come up firſt at court?

Mrs Starch. O dear, madam, yes. They do nothing elſe there but ſtudy new faſhions. That's what the court is for; and we milliners, and taylors, and barbers, and mantua-makers, go there to learn faſhions for the good of the public.

Miſs. But, madam; was not you ſaying juſt now that it was the faſhion for the ladies to paint themſelves?

Mrs Starch. Yes.

Miſs. Well, that is pure; then one may be as handſome as ever one will, you know. And if it was not for a few freckles, I believe I ſhould be very well, ſhould not I, Mrs Starch?

Mrs Starch. Indeed, madam, you are very handſome.

Miſs. Nay, don't flatter me now; do you really think I am handſome?

Mrs Starch. Upon my word you are. What a ſhape is there! what a genteel air! what a ſparkling eye!

Miſs. Indeed, I doubt you flatter me. Not but I have an eye, and can make uſe of it too as well as the beſt of them, if I pleaſe.

SONG.

SONG.

Tho' born in a country town,
The beauties of London unknown,
My heart is as tender,
My waiſt is as ſlender,
My ſkin is as white,
My eyes are as bright
As the beſt of them all,
That twinkle or ſparkle at court, or ball.
I can ogle and ſigh,
Then frown and be coy;
Falſe ſorrow
Now borrow,
And riſe in a rage:
Then languiſh
In anguiſh,
And ſoftly, and ſoftly engage.

But pray, Mrs Starch, which do you think the moſt genteel walk now? to trip it away o'this manner? or to ſwim ſmoothly along, thus?

Mrs Starch. They both become you extremely.

Miſs. Do they really? I'm glad you think ſo, for, indeed, I believe you a very good judge. And, now I think on't, I'll have your opinion in ſomething elſe. What do you think it is that makes a fine lady?

Mrs Starch. Why, madam, a fine perſon, fine wit, fine airs, and fine clothes.

Miſs. Well, you have told me already that I'm very handſome, you know, ſo that's one thing; but, as for wit, what's that! I don't know what that is, Mrs Starch.

Mrs Starch. O madam, wit is, as one may ſay,—— the——the being very witty; that is——comical, as it were; doing ſomething to make every body laugh.

Miſs. O, is that all; nay, then I can be as witty as any body, for I am very comical. Well, but what's the next? fine airs; O let me alone for fine airs; I have airs enough, if I can but get lovers to practiſe 'em upon. And

then, fine clothes, why, theſe are very fine clothes, I think; don't you think ſo, Mrs Starch?

Mrs Starch. Yes, madam.

Enter Sir John, obſerving them.

Miſs. And is not this a very pretty cap too? does it not become me?

Mrs Starch. Yes, madam.

Miſs. But don't you think this hoop a little too big!

Sir John. No, no, too big! no. Not above ſix or ſeven yards round.

Mrs Starch. Indeed, Sir, within the circumference of the mode a great deal.

Sir John. That it may be, but I'm ſure it's beyond the circumference of modeſty a great deal.

Miſs. Lord, papa, can't you dreſs yourſelf as you've a mind, and let us alone. How ſhould you know any thing of women's faſhions? come, let us go into the next room. [*Exit Miſs and Mrs Starch.*

Enter Joe with Greenwood.

Joe. Sir here's one that you'll be very glad to ſee.

Sir John. Who is it?——what, honeſt Greenwood! may I believe my eyes?

Greenwood. Sir, I am very glad to ſee you; I hope all your family are well.

Sir John. Very well. But, for heav'n's ſake, what has brought thee to London? what's the meaning of this livery? I don't underſtand thee.

Greenwood. I don't wonder that you are ſurprized; but I will explain myſelf. You know the faithful, honeſt love I bear your daughter, and you are ſenſible, ſince the addreſſes of Sir Timothy Flaſh, how much her falſehood has grieved me; yet, more for her ſake, even than my own; my own unhappineſs I could endure with patience, but the thoughts of ſeeing her reduced to ſhame and miſery I cannot bear

Sir John. What doſt thou mean?

Greenwood. I very much ſuſpect his deſigns upon her are not honourable.

Sir

Sir John. Not honourable! he dare not wrong me ſo!—but, go on.

Greenwood. Immediately after you had left the country, hearing that he was haſtening to London after you, and wanted a ſervant, I went and offer'd myſelf, reſolving, by a ſtrict watch on all his actions, to prevent, if poſſible, the ruin of her I cannot but love, how ill ſoever I have been treated. Not knowing me to be his rival, he brought me along with him. We arrived in London yeſterday, and I am now ſent by him to give your daughter privately this letter.

Sir John. What can it tend to? I know not what to think; but if I find he dares to mean me wrong, by this good hand——

Greenwood. Then let me tell ye, he means you villainous wrong. The ruin of your daughter is contriv'd; I heard the plot; and this very letter is to put it in execution.

Sir John. What ſhall I do?

Greenwood. Leave all to me. I'll deliver the letter, and, by her behaviour, we ſhall know better how to take our meaſures. But how ſhall I ſee her?

Sir John. She is in the next room; I'll go and ſend her to you.

Greenwood. If you tell her who it is, perhaps ſhe will not be ſeen.

Sir John. I won't. [*Exit.*

Enter Miſs Kitty.

Miſs. Bleſs me! is not that Sir Timothy's livery! (*Aſide.*) Pray, Sir, is Sir Timothy Flaſh come to town?

Greenwood. Yes, madam.

Miſs. Good lack! is it you? what new whim have you got in your head now, pray?

Greenwood. No new whim in my head, but an old one in my heart, which I am afraid will not be eaſily removed.

Miſs. Indeed, young man, I am ſorry for it; but you have had my anſwer already, and I wonder you ſhould trouble me again.

Greenwood. And is it thus you receive me! is this the reward of all my faithful love!

Miſs. Can I help your being in love? I'm ſure I don't deſire it: I wiſh you wou'd not teaze me with your impertinent love any more.

Greenwood. Why then did you encourage it? for, give me leave to ſay, you once did love me.

Miſs. Perhaps I might, when I thought myſelf but your equal; but now, I think, you cannot in modeſty pretend to me any longer.

Greenwood. Vain, fooliſh girl! for heav'n's ſake, what alteration do you find in yourſelf for the better? in what, I wonder, does the fine lady differ from the miller's daughter? have you more wit, more ſenſe, or more virtue than you had before? or are you in any thing altered from your former ſelf, except in pride, folly, and affectation?

Miſs. Sir, let me tell you, theſe are liberties that don't become you at all. Miller's daughter!

Greenwood. Come, come, Kitty, for ſhame lay aſide theſe fooliſh airs of the fine lady; return to yourſelf, and let me aſk you one ſerious queſtion; do you really think Sir Timothy deſigns to marry you?

Miſs. You are very impertinent to aſk me ſuch a queſtion; but to ſilence your preſumption for ever——I'm ſure he deſigns it.

Greenwood. I'm glad ſhe thinks ſo, however. (*Aſide.*) Nay, then, I do not expect you will reſign the flattering proſpect of wealth and grandeur, to live in a cottage on a little farm. 'Tis true, I ſhall be independent of all the world; my farm, however ſmall, will be my own, unmortgaged.

Miſs. Pſhaw! can you buy me fine clothes? can you keep me a coach? can you make me a lady? if not, I adviſe you to go down again to your pitiful farm, and marry ſomebody ſuitable to your rank.

SONG.

Adieu to your cart and your plough;
I ſcorn to milk your cow.

Your

Your turkeys and geeſe,
Your butter and cheeſe,
Are much below me now.
If ever I wed,
I'll hold up my head,
And be a fine lady, I vow.

And ſo, Sir, your very humble ſervant.

Greenwood. Nay, madam, you ſhall not leave me yet; I have ſomething more to ſay before we part. Suppoſe this worthy, honourable knight, inſtead of marriage, ſhould have only a baſe deſign upon your virtue.

Miſs. He ſcorns it: no, he loves me, and I know will marry me.

Greenwood. Dear Kitty, be not deceiv'd; I know he will not.

Kitty. You know nothing of the matter.

Greenwood. Read that, and be convinc'd. [*She reads.*

My dear angel,

I could no longer ſtay in the country, when you was not there to make it agreeable. I came to town yeſterday; and beg, if poſſible, you will, this evening, make me happy with your company. I will meet you at a relation's; my ſervant will conduct you to the houſe. I am impatient 'till I throw myſelf into your arms, and convince you how much I am,

Your fond and paſſionate admirer,
TIMOTHY FLASH.

Miſs. Well, and what is there in this to convince me of his ill intentions?

Greenwood. Enough, I think. If his deſigns are honourable, why are they not open? why does he not come to your father's houſe, and make his propoſals? why are you to be met in the dark at a ſtranger's?

Miſs. Let me ſee; "I'll meet you at a relation's; "my ſervant will conduct you;" indeed I don't know what to think of that.

Greenwood. I'll tell you, madam; that pretended relation is a notorious bawd.

Miſs. 'Tis falſe; you have contriv'd this ſtory to abuſe me.

Greenwood. No, Kitty, ſo well I love you, that if I thought his deſigns were juſt, I could rejoice in your happineſs, though at the expence of my own.

Miſs. You ſtrangely ſurpriſe me; I wiſh I knew the truth.

Greenwood. To convince you of my truth, here is a direction to the houſe in his own hand, which he himſelf gave me, leſt I ſhould miſtake; whither, if you ſtill doubt my ſincerity, and think proper to go, I am ready to be your conductor.

Miſs. And is this the end of all his deſigns! have I been courted only to my ruin! my eyes are now too clearly opened. What have I been doing?

Greenwood. If you are but ſo convinc'd of your danger, as to avoid it, I am ſatisfy'd.

Enter Sir John.

Sir John. What do I hear! are you reconcil'd then?

Miſs. My dear father! I have been cheated and abuſed.

Sir John. I hope your virtue is untouched.

Miſs. That I will always preſerve.

Sir John. Then I forgive you any thing. But how ſhall we be reveng'd on this ſcoundrel knight?

Miſs. Contrive but that, and I am eaſy.

Greenwood. As his baſe deſigns have not been executed, I think if we could expoſe and laugh at him, it would be ſufficient puniſhment.

Sir John. If it could be done ſeverely.

Miſs. I think it may. I believe I have found out a way to be reveng'd on him; come with me into the next room, and we'll put it in execution.

Enter a Servant.

Sir, a gentleman deſires to ſpeak with you.

Sir John. I'll come to him —Go you together, d'ye hear, and contrive your deſign. [*They go out ſeverally.*

SCENE V.

Sir John, and the King diſguis'd as a Collegiate.

Sir John. No compliments, I tell ye, but come to the point: what is your buſineſs?

King.

King. As I appear to you in the habit of a collegiate, you may fancy I am ſome queer pedantic fellow; but I aſſure you I am a perſon of ſome birth, and had a liberal education. I have ſeen the world, and kept the beſt company. But living a little too freely, and having ſpent the greateſt part of my fortune on women and wine, I was perſuaded, by a certain nobleman, to take orders, and he would give me a living, which he ſaid was coming into his hands. I was juſt cloſing with the propoſal, when the ſpiteful incumbent recover'd, and I was diſappointed.

Sir John. Well, and what's all this to me?

King. Why, Sir, there is a living now fallen, which is in the king's gift, and I hear you have ſo good an intereſt with his majeſty, that I am perſuaded a word from you, in my favour, would be of a great ſervice to me.

Sir John. And what muſt that word be, pray?

King. Nay, that I leave to you.

Sir John. You are in the right; and I'll tell you what it ſhall be. That you being a ſenſeleſs, idle-headed fellow, and having ruined yourſelf by your own folly and extravagance; you therefore think yourſelf highly qualified to teach mankind their duty. Will that do?

King. You are in jeſt, Sir.

Sir John. Upon my word, but I'm in earneſt. I think, he that recommends a profligate wretch to the moſt ſerious function in life merely for the ſake of a joke, gives as a bad a proof of his morals, as he does of his wit.

King. Sir, I honour your plain dealing. You exactly anſwer the character I have heard of your uncommon ſincerity; and, to let you ſee that I am capable of ſomething, I have wrote a poem in praiſe of that virtue, which I beg leave to preſent to you, and hope you will receive it kindly. [*Gives him the poem.*

Sir John. Sir, I am not uſed to theſe things: I don't underſtand 'em at all; but let's ſee. *Sir John reads. A poem in praiſe of the incomparable ſincerity, and uncommon honeſty, of the worthy Sir John Cockle, &c.*] —— enough, enough; a poem in praiſe of ſincerity, with a fulſome compliment in the very title, is extraordinary indeed,

indeed. Sir, I am obliged to you for your kind intentions; your wit and your poetry may be very fine, for aught I know; but a little more common ſenſe, I believe, could do you no harm.

King. He is not to be flatter'd, I find; but I'll try what bribery will do. That I'm afraid, hits every body's taſte. [*Aſide.*]—Shall I beg one word more with you? Sir, you are a gentleman of the greateſt ſincerity and honour I ever met with, and, for that reaſon, I ſhall always have the higheſt regard for you in the world, and for all that belong to you. I hear your daughter is going to be married; let me beg leave to preſent her with this diamond buckle.

Sir John. Sir, you ſurpriſe me very much; pray, what may the value of this be?

King. That's not worth mentioning; about five hundred pounds, I believe.

Sir John. Why, did not you tell me juſt now, that you had ſpent all your fortune?

King. I did ſo; but it was for a particular reaſon; and you ſhall find I am not ſo poor as I repreſented myſelf.

Sir John. I am glad of it. But, pray how am I to return this extraordinary generoſity?

King. I expect no return, Sir, upon my honour. Tho' you have it in your power to oblige me very much.

Sir John. Don't mention the living, for that I have told you already you are not fit for.

King. I won't. But there is a certain place at court of another kind, which I have long had a mind to: 'tis true, there is a ſorry, inſignificant fellow in poſſeſſion of it at preſent; but he's of no ſervice; and I know your power with the king, a word or two from you would ſoon diſpoſſeſs him.

Sir John. But what muſt he be diſpoſſeſs'd for?

King. To make room for me, that's all.

Sir John. Hum—indeed it won't do with me—here, take it again; and, let me tell you, I am not to be flatter'd into a fooliſh thing, nor brib'd into a baſe one.

King, diſcovering himſelf.] Then thou art my friend; and I will keep thee next my heart. *Sir*

Sir John. And is it your majeſty?

King. Be not ſurpriz'd; it is your own maxim, that a king cannot be too cautious in trying thoſe whom he deſigns to truſt. Forgive this diſguiſe; I have try'd thy honeſty, and will no longer ſuſpect it.

Enter Greenwood.

Greenwood. Sir, I am come to let miſs Kitty know privately that my maſter will be here diſguis'd immediately.

Sir John. Will he? well, go into the next room and tell her ſo. If your majeſty will be ſo good as to retire into this chamber a while, you will hear ſomething, perhaps that will divert you.

Enter Joe.

Joe. Sir, here's a ſervant-maid come to be hir'd.

Sir John. Let her come in, I'll ſpeak to her preſently.

[*Exit with the king.*

Enter Sir Timothy diſguis'd, as a maid-ſervant.

Sir Timothy. Well, I am obliged to the dear girl for this kind contrivance of getting me into the houſe with her. 'Twill be charmingly convenient.

Re-enter Sir John.

Sir Timothy. Sir, I heard that the young lady, your daughter, wanted a ſervant, and I ſhould be proud of the honour to ſerve her.

Sir John. My daughter will be here preſently. Pray, my dear, what's your name?

Sir Timothy. Faith I never thought of that, what ſhall I ſay? (*Aſide.*) Betty, Sir.

Sir John. And pray, Mrs Betty, who did you live with laſt?

Sir Timothy. Pox of his impertinence; he has nonplus'd me again. (*Aſide.*) Sir, I—I—liv'd with Sir Timothy Flaſh.

Sir John. Ah! a vile fellow that; a very vile fellow, was not he? did he pay you your wages?

Sir Timothy. Yes, Sir. I ſhall be even with you for this, by-and-by. [*Aſide.*

Sir John. You was well off, then; for they ſay, it's what

what he very ſeldom does. Sad pay!—I can tell you, one part of your buſineſs muſt be to watch that villain, that he does not debauch my daughter; for I hear he deſigns it. But I hope we ſhall prevent him.

Sir Timothy. I'll take care of her, Sir, to be ſure. I burſt with laughter, to think how charmingly we ſhall gull the old fellow. [*Aſide.*

Sir John. Kate!

Enter Miſs Kitty.

Here's a maid for you, Kate, if you like her.

Miſs. O lord! a maid! why ſhe's a monſter! I never ſaw ſo ugly a thing in all my life.

Sir Timothy. The cunning jade does this to blind the old fool. [*Aſide.*

Miſs. Pray, child, what can you do?

Sir Timothy. I'll do the beſt I can to pleaſe you, madam, and I don't queſtion but I ſhall do.

Miſs. Indeed you won't do?

Sir Timothy. I hope I ſhall, madam, if you pleaſe to try me.

Miſs. No, I durſt not try you, indeed.

Sir Timothy. Why, madam?

Miſs. Methinks you look like a fool; I hate a fool.

Sir John. Nay, my dear, don't abuſe the young woman; upon my word, I think ſhe looks mighty well. Hold up your head, child. O lord! Mrs Betty, you have got a beard, methinks. [*Stroaks her under the chin.*

Miſs. What! has Betty got a beard! ha, ha, ha! ah, Betty! why did you not ſhave cloſer? but I told ye you was a fool!

Sir John. Well—and what wages do you expect, my dear?

Miſs. Ay, what work do you deſign to do, my dear?

Sir John. How cleverly you have bit the old fool, ha!

Miſs. And how charmingly we ſhall laugh at him by-and-by, ha!

Sir John. Now don't you think you look like a puppy?

Miſs. Poor Sir Timothy! are you diſappointed, love! come, don't be angry, and I'll ſing it a ſong.

SONG.

SONG.

Ah, luckleſs knight! I mourn thy caſe:
Alas! what haſt thou done?
Poor Betty! thou haſt loſt thy place;
Poor knight! thy ſex is gone.
Learn henceforth, from this diſaſter,
When for girls you lay your plots,
That each miſs expects a maſter
In breeches, not in petticoats.

Sir John and Miſs. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir Timothy. Zoons! am I to be us'd in this manner? and do you think I will bear it unreveng'd?

Miſs. And have you the impudence to think you are not well us'd?

Sir John. Nay, nay, if he is not ſatisfied; inſtead of the entertainment he expected, ſuppoſe we give him what he deſerves, Who's within, there?

Enter three or four ſervants. Sir Timothy runs off, and they after him.

Sir John. They'll overtake him; and I don't doubt but they'll give him the diſcipline he deſerves.

Enter King, Greenwood, and Courtiers.

King. After what you have told me, I think they cannot uſe him too ill. Madam, I wiſh you joy of your eſcape from the ruin which threatn'd you.

Miſs. The king! I thank your majeſty.

King. And I am glad to hear that you are reconciled to an honeſt man that deſerves you.

Miſs. I ſee, my error, and, I hope by my future conduct, to make amends for the uneaſineſs I have given to ſo good a father.

Sir John My dear child, I am fully ſatisfied: and I hope thou wilt every day be more and more convinc'd, that the happineſs of a wife does not conſiſt in the title,

or

or fine appearance of her huſband, but in the worthineſs of his ſentiments, and the fondneſs of his heart.

King. And now, my good old man, henceforth be thou my friend. I will give thee an apartment in my palace, that thou may'ſt always be near my perſon. And let me conjure thee ever to preſerve this honeſt, plain ſincerity. Speak to me freely, and let me hear the voice of truth. If my people complain, convey their grievances faithfully to my ear; for how ſhould kings redreſs thoſe ills, which flatterers hide, or wicked men diſguiſe?

Sir John I thank your majeſty for the confidence you have in me: my heart, I know, is honeſt, and my affection to your majeſty ſincere: but as to my abilities, alas! they are but ſmall; yet ſuch as they are, if it claſh not with my duty to the public, they ſhall always be at your majeſty's ſervice.

King. I'd have you juſt to both.

But let your country's good be your firſt aim,
On this our honeſt Miller builds his claim,
At leaſt for pardon; if you pleaſe, for fame.

THE END.